

handed over to Dr. Hector for preservation in the Colonial Museum, where it may now, I have no doubt, be seen by the curious.

“From Panama to Wellington, from New Zealand to New Caledonia, from Auckland to Tahiti and back again, a fair number of miles, I have watched the flyingfish carefully, and I never saw one seized by a bird in its flight. Nor have I ever seen such an occurrence in the Atlantic or West-Indian seas. I cannot doubt that it happens somewhere, because I have seen pictures of it; but in the seas I know it must be rare. Possibly other lands other manners, and, likely enough, other flyingfish and sea-fowl. I should as soon think it possible for a kiwi to catch a rifle-ball in full flight, as for any real sea-bird to seize a flyingfish on the wing. The albatros I dismiss at once, his chances of trying are too few to bring him into question, as far as the South Pacific is concerned. The frigate-bird, or man-of-war hawk, decidedly the swiftest flier amongst sea-birds I have ever seen, seems to have given up fishing on his own account altogether, and makes use of the tern as his fishmonger. The tern, if the sea be smooth, has a neat little way of picking up small morsels from its surface, and, if necessary, makes a very respectable gannet-like splash; never, however, as far as I have seen, immersing himself, and always keeping his wings in motion to get him up again.

“The gannet, a splendid yellow-headed species of which is common in the South Pacific, is, I think, the finest of all fishing-birds from John o’ Groat’s House to the Chatham Islands. But even he could never catch a flyingfish, his strong point being ‘perpendicular,’ not the horizontal pace. Soaring high, he marks his prey beneath him, and shutting up his wings (like a wood-pigeon darting into cover) he plunges downwards with a splash that makes one’s head ache to look at; and after a semicircular dive of five or six yards he emerges, sneezing and flapping with his prey safely lodged in his throat.”—EARL OF PEMBROKE, *South-Sea Bubbles*, pp. 62–64.

### *Sunfish.*

“Whilst sitting in the canoe, something passed us swimming about a foot under the water, which I took for a turtle, but which Joe declared to be a sunfish. I have often seen sunfish (at Bora Bora) basking upright in the water; but this one was swimming, not quite on its side, but at a certain angle in the water; and the wavy motion of its fins gave it a very remarkable appearance, quite unlike any fish I have ever seen. Unluckily we had no heavy spear in the boat; or we might easily have secured it. Joe tells me that about a month ago a very large one was killed in the harbour, and that it had three live young ones in it: so much alive that they began to swim as soon as they were put into the water. I cross-questioned him on the subject; but he declared that there was no mistake, there were three live little sunfishes in the old one. I do not remember to have heard before that the sunfish was viviparous.”—EARL OF PEMBROKE, *South-Sea Bubbles*, pp. 130, 131.